

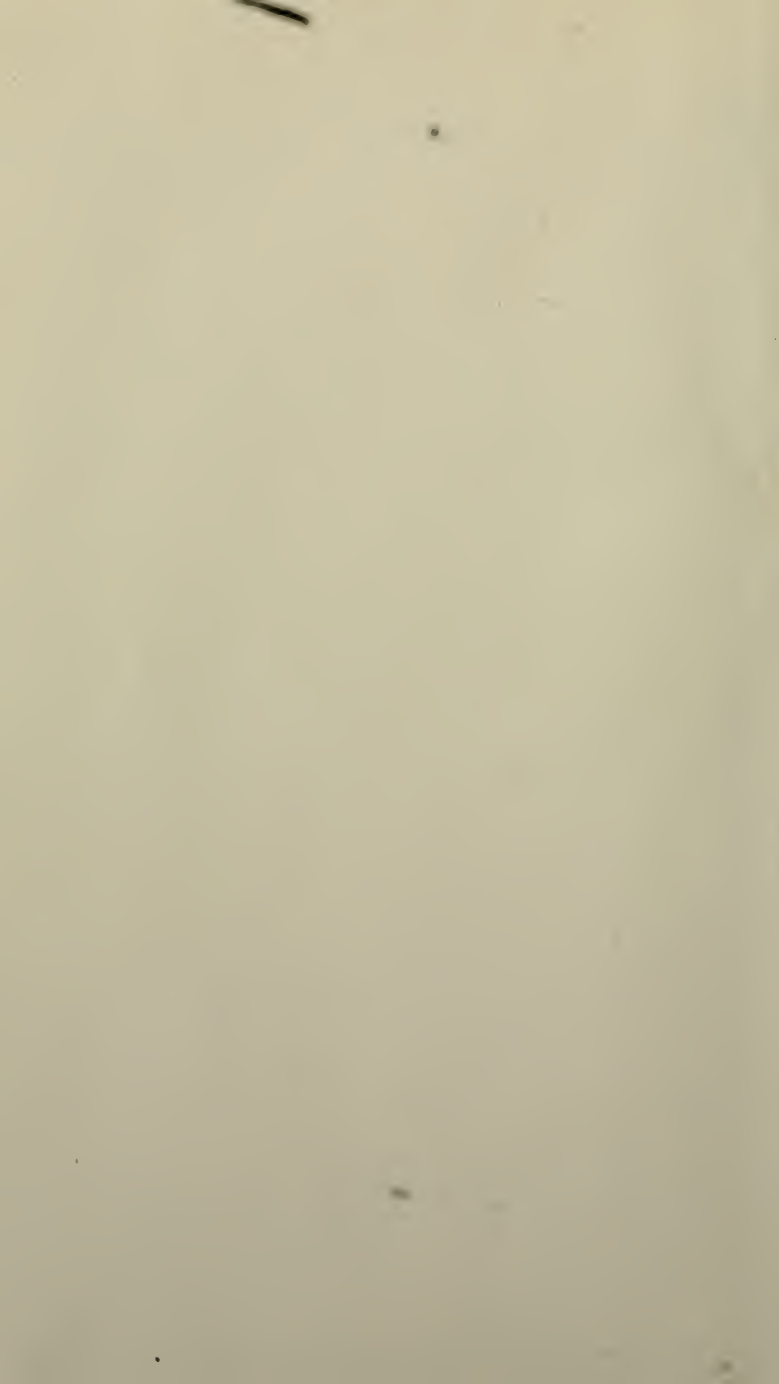
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Leaflets from Standard Authors.

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BRYANT.

POEMS FROM THE
WORKS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
FOR HOMES, LIBRARIES, AND SCHOOLS.

COMPILED BY
JOSEPHINE E. HODGDON.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.
1884.

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develop a fondness for historical study. The book is totally devoid of sectarian or partisan tendencies, the aim being simply to instill a love for historical reading, and not to suggest opinions or inculcate views in regard to any of those great civil and religious revolutions whose effect and whose influence must remain open questions till the last act in the historical drama shall be completed.

Either of the above, for examination, will be mailed, post-paid, to teachers on receipt of \$1.00.

D. APPLETON & CO.,

1, 3, & 5 Bond Street, New York.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE LEAFLETS.

“ Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruptions, fenced by etiquette ; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.”—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

How can our young people be led to take pleasure in the writings of our best authors ?

An attempt to answer this important inquiry is the aim of these *Leaflets*. It is proposed, by their use in the school and the family, to develop a love for the beautiful thoughts, the noble and elevating sentiments, that pervade the choicest literature, and thus to turn aside that flood of pernicious reading which is deluging the children of our beloved country. It is hoped that they will prove effective instruments in securing the desired end, and an aid in the attainment of a higher mental and moral culture.

Our best writers, intelligent teachers, and lecturers on literary subjects, have given suggestions and material for this work, and rendered its realization possible. Those who, knowing the power of a good thought well expressed, have endeavored to popularize works of acknowledged merit by means of copied extracts, marked passages, leaves torn from books, and other expensive and time-consuming expedients, will gladly welcome this new, convenient, and inexpensive arrangement of appropriate selections as helps to the progress they are attempting to secure. This plan and the selections used are the outgrowth of experience in the school-room, and their utility and adaptation to the proposed aims have been proved. By means of these sheets, each teacher can have at command a larger range of authors than is otherwise possible. A few suggestions in regard to these Leaflets may not be amiss :

1. They may be used for sight-reading and silent reading.
2. They may be employed for analysis of the author's meaning and language, which may well be made a prominent feature of the reading-lesson, as it is the best preparation for a proper rendering of the passages given.
3. They may be distributed, that each pupil may spend any spare time in choosing his own favorite selection. This may afterward be used, as its character or the pupil's inclination suggests, for sentiment, essay, reading, recitation, or declamation.
4. Mr. Longfellow's method, as mentioned in the sketch accompanying

his poems, in this series of Leaflets, may be profitably followed, as it will promote a helpful interplay of thought between teacher and pupils, and lead unconsciously to a love and understanding of good authors.

5. Short quotations may be given in answer to the daily roll-call.

6. Some of the selections are especially adapted to responsive and chorus class-reading.

7. The lyrical poems can be sung to some familiar tunes.

8. The sketch which will be found with each series may serve as the foundation for essays on the author's life and works.

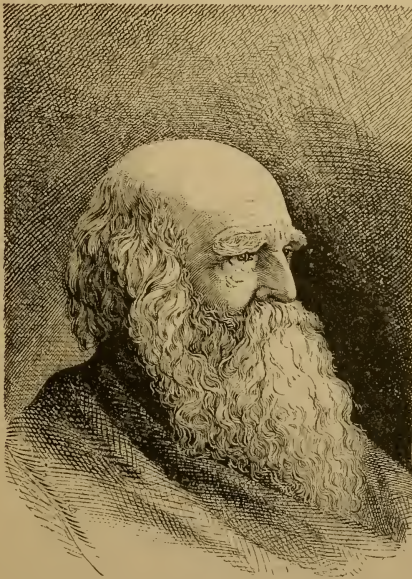
9. The illustrations may be employed as subjects for language-lessons, thus cultivating the powers of observation and expression.

All these methods combined may be made to give pleasure to the pupils' friends, and make it feasible to entertain them oftener than is now the custom, thus creating an interest in the school and a sympathy with the author whose works are the subjects of study. The foregoing is by no means a necessary order, and teachers will vary from it as their own appreciation of the intelligence of their pupils and the interest of the exercise shall suggest.

The object to be kept in view is, pleasantly to introduce the works of our best authors to growing minds, and to develop in them a taste for the best in literature, that the world of books may become to them an unfailing source of inspiration and delight.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



William Cullen Bryant

A FEW years ago there died in New York city a man standing in the first rank of literature, who had made his literary reputation before Sir Walter Scott began his series of the Waverley novels. He was in his prime when Dickens and Thackeray first began to write, and in the full exercise of his intellectual powers after they had laid aside forever their busy

pens. Closely identified with the national life of his native land, and having a large share in originating and elevating its literature, and in shaping the course of its politics, William Cullen Bryant truly merited the encomium of being accounted "the most accomplished, the most distinguished, and the most universally honored, citizen of the United States," and that, too, solely by his genius, moral rectitude, and force of character. "He was my master in verse," said Longfellow, "ten years and more my senior, and throughout my whole life I have had the warmest reverential regard for him." "It is certain," said Ralph Waldo Emerson, "that Bryant has written some of the very best poetry that we have had in America." Bryant was born in Cummington, a little town in Western Massachusetts, on November 3, 1794. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a man of rare intelligence, taste, and sagacity, a practicing physician and surgeon, and one of the third generation who had followed that profession. The genial doctor never realized his dream of educating a child of his own for his favorite profession. He named the future poet and journalist after Dr. Cullen, the famous Scotch physician, but William never had any liking for his father's profession, realizing fully, as he said in after-years, the unremitting toil and arduous duties of a country doctor's life. William Cullen's mother was a lineal descendant of John Alden, the lieutenant of Miles Standish and the hero of one of Longfellow's charming poems. She was a woman of great force of character, of personal dignity, and excellent good sense. Although her education was limited to the ordinary English branches, she was a great reader, and early taught her child to repeat standard English poetry. When he was scarcely three years old, William was made to repeat Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns. In his poem called "A Lifetime," written when the scenes of childhood were memories of the long past, Bryant pictures himself standing by his mother's knee and repeating some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses. In a charming article, written when the poet was eighty-two years old, for a leading juvenile magazine, and also in the fragment of an autobiography, printed in Mr. Parke Godwin's *Life*, Bryant has given the world the story of his boyish days. He tells us of the system of family discipline which parents thought necessary in order to secure obedience, and of the respect paid by the young to their seniors, especially to ministers of the gospel. Of the books to which he had access, eighty years ago, he tells us, some were excellent and some were trash or worse; among the good he names "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," Mrs. Barbauld's works, Watts's and Cowper's poems. From a very early age, Bryant displayed a taste for reading and study. His father took great pains to direct his boy to those great English classics of which he had been a life-long student. The lad delighted to pore over Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith, and soon began to write verses. The varied and picturesque scenery of Western Massachusetts became familiar to him from his love of out-door life and the companionship of his father. Thus even from childhood his native hills, valleys, woods, and rivers,

were like old friends, and he was taught to love Nature under all her varied aspects. A man of sound scholarship and refined tastes, Dr. Bryant, recognizing the poetic gift of his son, judiciously and wisely aided in its development. While he encouraged the first rude efforts of boyish genius and taught the value of correctness and compression, he also trained his son "to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and fustian." Even from the first, there was nothing forced, morbid, or immature about the young poet's verses; and he wrote as if he had already had experience. Bryant's poetical powers, thus early developed, remained unimpaired to an age beyond that usually allotted to man. "Thanatopsis" was written in his eighteenth year; and the noble "Ode" written for Washington's birthday, February 22, 1878, in his eighty-fourth. Hence, an eminent scholar has justly said: "No one will deny that in one respect, at least, Bryant's fame was entirely unique. He was the author of the finest verses ever produced by any one so young, and so old, as the author of 'Thanatopsis' and of 'The Twenty-second of February.'"

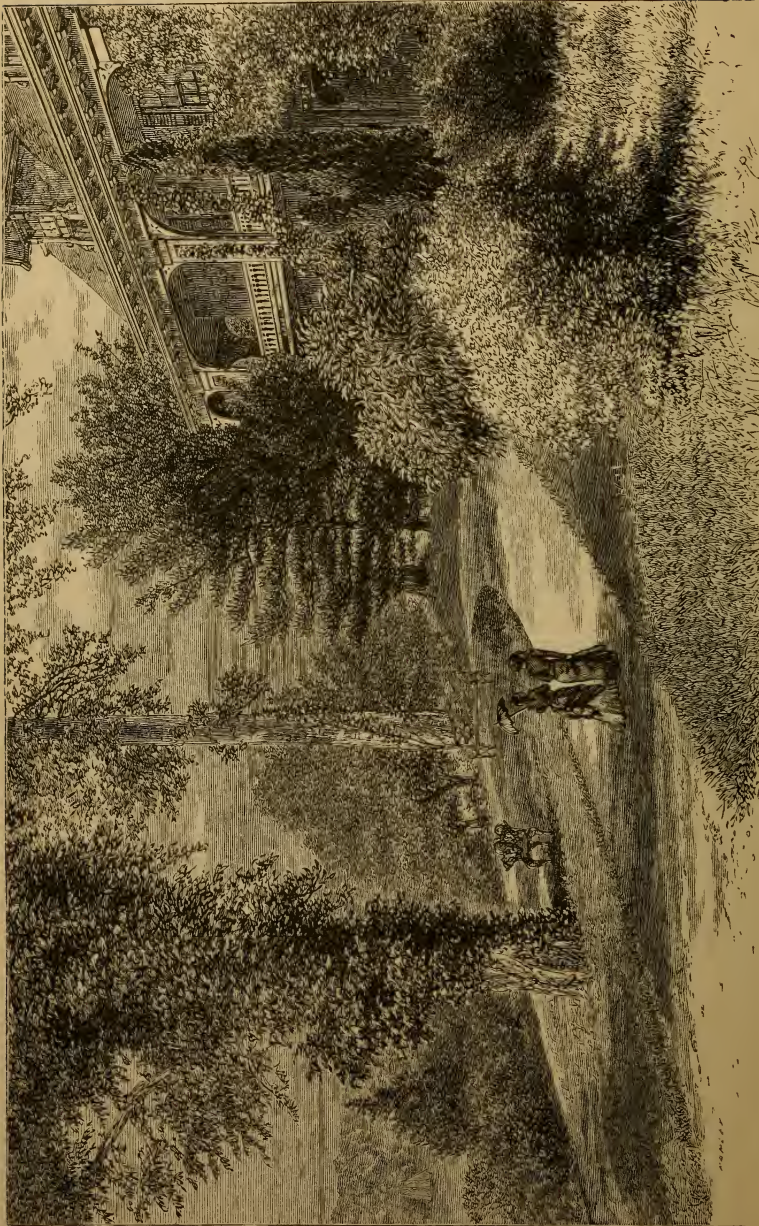
In 1807 President Jefferson laid an embargo on American shipping, an act which was bitterly denounced in New England. The boy Bryant caught the spirit of the times and made the hated embargo the subject of a satirical poem, entitled "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times," which was published in Boston in 1808, "by a youth of thirteen." The poem was favorably received, and a second edition called for. During the next few years several other poems were written, undoubtedly clever, but by no means characteristic of the poet's subsequent productions. In 1810, in his sixteenth year, Bryant entered Williams College, and remained there for two years, but was obliged to leave on account of his father's pecuniary affairs, which rendered retrenchment necessary. Dr. Bryant intended to send his son back to college, but was unable to do so. Of Bryant's brief collegiate career many interesting particulars have been recorded. He distinguished himself for his aptness and industry in the study of the ancient classics and his love for the best literature. The college afterward conferred upon him the degree of A. M., and enrolled him as an alumnus. After leaving college Bryant continued his studies at home for a time, but soon began the study of law, first with Judge Howe, of Worthington, near Cummington, and afterward with Mr. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. In 1815, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar. He first opened an office at Plainfield, but after a time settled in Great Barrington. In the latter place he passed the next nine years of his life, and there some of his well-known poems were written. When the young poet went away from his native town to read law, he left the manuscript of a poem behind him, which was found by his father and sent by him to the "North American Review." One of the editors, Richard H. Dana, read the poem carefully, and was so surprised at its excellence that he doubted whether it was written on this side of the Atlantic. This remarkable poem, known to all the world as "Thanatopsis,"

was printed in the "North American Review" for September, 1817. "This poem," says George William Curtis, "was the first adequate poetic voice of the solemn New England spirit. Moreover, it was without a harbinger in our literature, and without a trace of the English masters of the hour." A pleasant story is told, that when the poet's father showed "Thanatopsis" in manuscript to a lady well qualified to judge of its merits, simply saying, "Oh! read that—it is Cullen's," she read the poem, raised her eyes to the good doctor's face, and burst into tears, in which the father, a reserved and silent man, was not ashamed to join. Six months later, in March, 1818, the young poet added to his reputation by publishing a poem entitled "To a Waterfowl," in the "North American Review." This exquisite piece, written in clear and strong language, in melody simple and sweet, and displaying a keen and accurate observation of nature, has always been a favorite, and displays some of Bryant's best characteristics.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant was married to Miss Frances Fairchild, and for nearly half a century she was the good angel of his life. During all these years "his wife was his only really intimate friend, and when she died he had no other. He was young, his fame was growing, and with domestic duties, with literary studies and work, and professional and public activities, his tranquil days passed in the happy valley of the Housatonic." It was to his wife that Bryant addressed the poem beginning, "O fairest of the rural maids," "The Future Life," and "The Life that Is"; and her memory and her loss are tenderly embalmed in one of the most touching of his later poems, "October, 1866." On account of the interest awakened by his published poems, and through the influence of Mr. Dana, Bryant was invited to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College, an honor rarely conferred upon so young a man. He accepted, and read at Cambridge, in 1821, the longest and most elaborate poem he ever wrote, entitled "The Ages." Richard H. Stoddard describes it as "a rapid, comprehensive, philosophic, and picturesque summary of the history of mankind from the earliest periods, a shifting panorama of good and evil figures and deeds, the rising and falling of religions, kingdoms, empires, and the great shapes of Greece and Rome." Thoughtful and suggestive, it stands first in all the complete editions of Bryant's collected works, forming a fitting introduction to the other poems. The next four years of the young poet's life were more productive than any before, for some thirty of his best poems were written during this time. In the mean time a little thin book of forty-four pages, containing "The Ages" and others of his poems, had been published, and was everywhere favorably received. It established beyond question his reputation as a poet. By this time, it became generally known that Bryant disliked his profession, and would welcome any relief from its irksome duties. Influential friends secured a literary position for him in New York city, and early in 1825 he left the Berkshire hills for the more congenial occupation of journalism in the great metropolis. "Here he lived," says his

intimate friend James Grant Wilson, "from earliest youth to venerable age—from thirty-one to eighty-four—in one path of honor and success." In 1826 Bryant became permanently connected with the "Evening Post," with which his name was associated until the day of his death—more than half a century afterward. To his future life-work of journalism the young editor brought literary experience, solid learning, refined taste, and, even then, the prestige of a well-earned reputation. Bryant was too wise a man to suppose that poetry would ever give him a substantial living. "I should have starved," he once said, "if I had been obliged to depend upon my poetry for a living." As a newspaper editor and proprietor, he was a sagacious and successful man of business. Thrift and strict economy were cardinal virtues with him. He was thorough, watchful, and industrious in the smallest details of his newspaper work. He made the "Post" an educational power among its readers by diffusing scientific and practical information, and by stimulating the public mind to the enjoyment of literature and art. During at least forty-two of his fifty-two years of editorial service, Mr. Bryant was at his editorial desk before eight o'clock in the morning, and left the daily impress of his character and genius in some form upon the columns of his journal. These long years were most momentous in the history of this country, and were passed in active aggressive work in the very center of political, intellectual, and national activity. During all this time not only did no stain rest upon his character, but he stood as a conspicuous example of all that was admirable in journalism, in politics, and in private life. "He never engaged," said John Bigelow, in his address before the Century Club, "in any other business enterprise; he never embarked in any financial speculations; he was never an officer of any other financial or industrial corporation, nor did he ever accept any political office or trust."

While Bryant continued a journalist all the days of his long life, he never ceased to be a poet. He earned his bread and molded public opinion with his newspaper, but looked to poetry for the perpetuation of his name. He never confounded the two vocations in any way, or allowed either to interfere to any great extent with the other. In brief, he wrote his editorials in the office, and his poetry in the quiet of his home. If we take into account only what Bryant published in book form, he wrote comparatively little. If we reckon his editorial contributions to the "Post," during fifty-two years, we shall find him one of the most voluminous writers that ever lived. Some one, who had every opportunity to know, has estimated that his editorials alone would fill more than a hundred duodecimo volumes of five hundred pages each—all this, too, written in a style always pure, clear, and forcible, and giving evidence of wide scholarship and profound reflection. Under Bryant's sagacious and far-sighted management the "Post" became not only an influential and leading journal, but was also a financial success. Its editor died a wealthy man. As a rest from his arduous labors, Bryant traveled occasionally. Between the years 1834 and 1867 he made six visits to Europe, and



at different times made long journeys through his own country. His readers traced his travels by his letters to the "Evening Post," which attracted a deal of attention for their keen observation and beauty of expression. Mr. Bryant published occasional volumes of poetry made up of his contributions to the periodicals of the day; and in 1876 a complete illustrated edition of his poetical writings was issued. Under the heavy pressure of grief caused by the death of his beloved wife in 1866, the veteran poet at the age of seventy-two set himself to the formidable task of translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The former occupied most of his leisure for three years, and the latter about two. These translations were highly praised both at home and abroad. Mr. Bryant had the peculiar talent of delivering addresses and memorial orations upon the lives and works of eminent men. A volume of these felicitous and appreciative addresses was published in 1872. His last poem of any great length was "The Flood of Years," written in the poet's eighty-second year, and showing no decay of his poetic genius. The venerable poet's last public appearance was at the Central Park, in New York city, May 29, 1878, at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini. After delivering his oration in the open air, and at times exposed to the hot rays of the sun, he walked to the home of his friend General Wilson. Just as he was about to enter the door, the aged poet fell suddenly, striking his head on the stone steps. He rallied somewhat and was able to ride to his own home. Paralysis of his right side followed, and, on July 12, 1878, his life, after sinking like a slowly-ebbing tide, came to a peaceful end.

The tributes paid to Bryant's genius by the press and the public generally were immediate, warm, and sincere. The memory of the beloved poet is deservedly enshrined in that universal esteem and admiration which his noble life, as well as his literary achievements, had won for him.

Mr. Bryant's wealth enabled him to live surrounded by every comfort and luxury. So far as he was personally concerned, he seemed to care very little for them. He had three residences, a city house in New York, a country house called "Cedarmere," at Roslyn, Long Island, and the old homestead of the Bryant family at Cummington, Massachusetts. Very few famous men were better known by sight than the veteran editor. Day after day, and year after year, he could be seen in all weathers walking down to his office in the morning, and back to his house in the afternoon. He kept his vigor of body and mind by temperate self-restraint, good sense, a rigid observance of the laws of health, both in regard to proper sanitary arrangements and a strict attention to diet, sleep, and exercise. He rose early—about half-past five in winter, and generally an hour earlier in summer. A series of light gymnastics lasting for an hour or more, together with a bath from head to foot, followed. His food was of the simplest kind. Hominy and milk, brown bread or oatmeal, with baked sweet apples and other fruit, made up his breakfast. For dinner, he ate a moderate quantity of meat or fish, but generally made his dinner mostly of vegetables. His supper consisted only of bread and

butter and fruit. He never drank tea or coffee, and very rarely took a glass of wine. He always went to bed early—in town, as early as ten; in the country, somewhat earlier. Even in the worst weather he always preferred to walk rather than to ride. His senses were perfect, his eyes needed no glasses, and his hearing was exquisitely fine until the day of the accident. Well might those who knew him best say that, but for the accident which caused his death, he would probably have become a veritable centenarian.

Such was the pure, noble, and consistent life of William Cullen Bryant. His life and his grand life-work in literature all testify to his being truly and essentially a great and good man.



THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature
 holds
 Communion with her visible forms,
 she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer
 hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a
 smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she
 glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals
 away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware.
 When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a
 blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and
 pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the nar-
 row house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick
 at heart—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all
 around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths
 of air—
 Comes a still voice.—

Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no
 more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold
 ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with
 many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall
 exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished
 thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
 again,
 And, lost each human trace, surren-
 dering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the
 rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon.
 The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce
 thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-
 place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst
 thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt
 lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world
 —with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise,
 the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages
 past,

All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—
 the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness be-
 tween;
 The venerable woods—rivers that
 move
 In majesty, and the complaining
 brooks
 That make the meadows green; and,
 poured round all,
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy
 waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The gold-
 en sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of
 heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of
 death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All
 that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the
 tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the
 wings
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wil-
 derness,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous
 woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
 sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead
 are there :
 And millions in those solitudes, since
 first
 The flight of years began, have laid
 them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign
 there alone.
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou
 withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no
 friend

Take note of thy departure? All that
 breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will
 laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood
 of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will
 chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these
 shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments,
 and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As
 the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and
 he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron
 and maid,
 The speechless babe, and the gray-
 headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy
 side,
 By those, who in their turn shall fol-
 low them.

 So live, that when thy summons
 comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which
 moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of
 death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
 night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sus-
 tained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of
 his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.



THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble
know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves
below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,

To meet thee, when thy faint per-
fume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery
mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view,
Pale skies, and chilling moisture
sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright
hue,
And streaked with jet thy glow-
ing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting
nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my
walk;

But midst the gorgeous blooms of
May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes
tried.

I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of
pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April
bright.





TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost
thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do
thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river
wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise
and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin
atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the wel-
come land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds
shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet,
on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread
alone,
Will lead my steps aright.





INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a
 truth which needs
 No school of long experience, that
 the world
 Is full of guilt and misery, and hast
 seen
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes,
 and cares,
 To tire thee of it, enter this wild
 wood
 And view the haunts of Nature.
 The calm shade

Shall bring a kindred calm, and the
 sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance,
 shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find
 nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts
 of men,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The
 primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning
 earth,

But not in vengeance. God hath
 yoked to guilt
 Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence,
 these shades
 Are still the abodes of gladness; the
 thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is
 alive
 And musical with birds, that sing
 and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while be-
 low
 The squirrel, with raised paws and
 form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects
 in the shade
 Try their thin wings and dance in
 the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even
 the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as
 they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the
 blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the
 scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower
 seems to enjoy
 Existence than the wingèd plun-
 derer

That sucks its sweets. The mossy
 rocks themselves,
 And the old and ponderous trunks of
 prostrate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll a causey
 rude
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their
 dark roots,
 With all their earth upon them, twist-
 ing high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivu-
 let
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping
 o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the
 rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to
 rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the
 marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou
 scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water. The
 cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall
 come to thee,
 Like one that loves thee nor will let
 thee pass
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light
 embrace.



THE WEST WIND.

BENEATH the forest's skirt I rest,
 Whose branching pines rise dark
 and high,
 And hear the breezes of the West
 Among the thread-like foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of
 woe?

Is not thy home among the flow-
 ers?

Do not the bright June roses blow,
 To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm out-
 spread—

Yon stretching valleys, green and
 gay,

And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose
 head

The loose white clouds are borne
 away.

And there the full broad river runs,
 And many a fount wells fresh and
 sweet,

To cool thee when the mid-day suns
 Have made thee faint beneath their
 heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and
 love;

Spirit of the new-wakened year!

The sun in his blue realm above

Smooths a bright path when thou
 art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
 The wooing ring-dove in the shade;
 On thy soft breath, the new-fledged
 bird

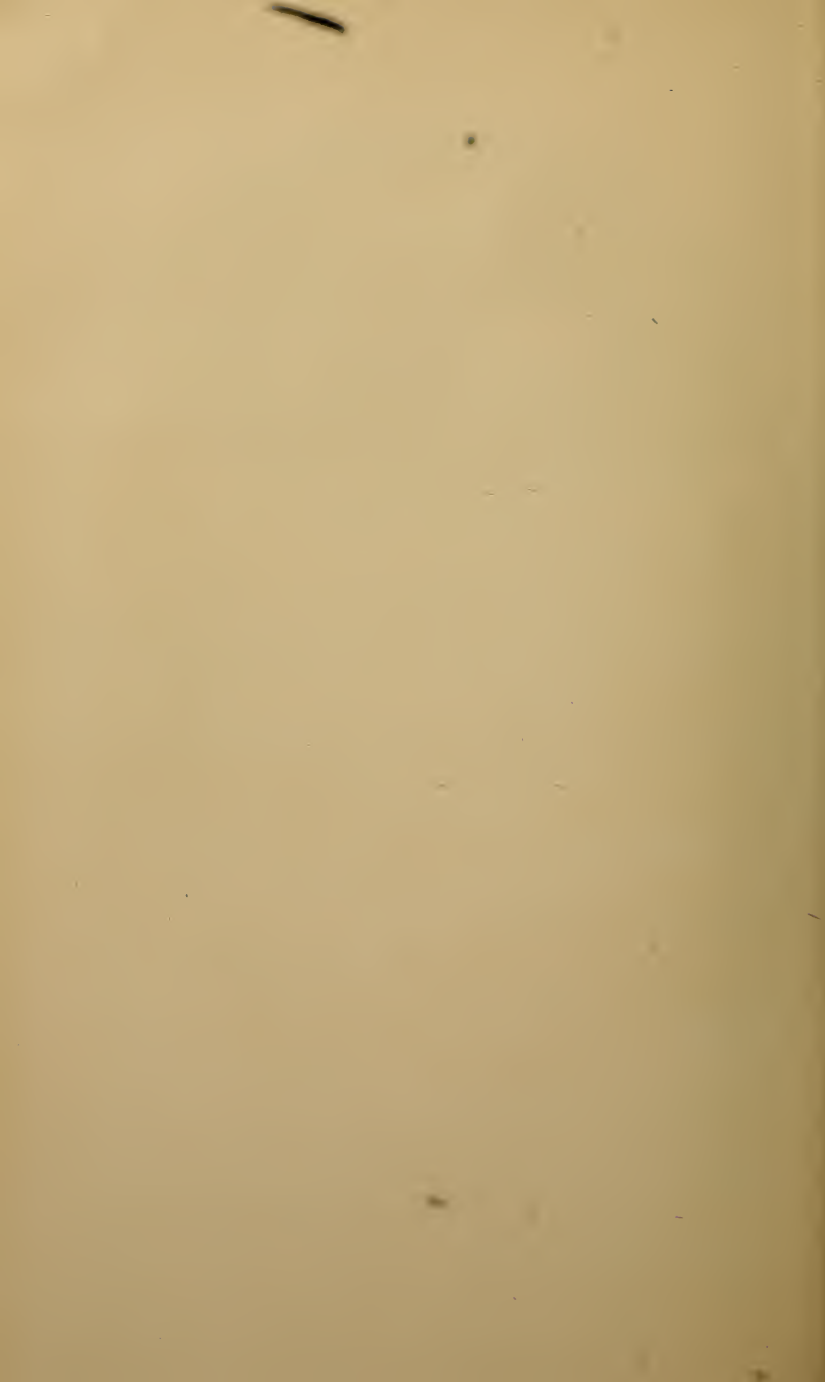
Takes wing, half happy, half
 afraid.

Ah! thou art like our wayward
 race;—

When not a shade of pain or ill

Dims the bright smile of Nature's
 face,

Thou lov'st to sigh and murmur
 still.





OCTOBER.

AY, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

NOVEMBER.

YET one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.



A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples.
Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the archi-
trave,
And spread the roof above them—
ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the dark-
ling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt
down,

And offered to the Mightiest solemn
thanks
And supplication. For his simple
heart
Might not resist the sacred influence
Which, from the stilly twilight of
the place,
And from the gray old trunks that
high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and
from the sound

Of the invisible breath that swayed
 at once
 All their green tops, stole over him,
 and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of bound-
 less power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years,
 neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under
 roofs
 That our frail hands have raised?
 Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it
 find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns,
 thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou
 didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forth-
 with, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They,
 in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves
 in thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The cen-
 tury-living crow
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew
 old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last,
 they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall,
 and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to
 hold
 Communion with his Maker. These
 dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp
 or pride

Report not. No fantastic carvings
 show
 The boast of our vain race to change
 the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art
 here—thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft
 winds
 That run along the summit of these
 trees
 In music; thou art in the cooler
 breath
 That from the inmost darkness of
 the place
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky
 trunks, the ground,
 The fresh moist ground, are all in-
 stinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship;—Nature,
 here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly,
 around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that,
 midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth and wandering
 steeps the roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no
 tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast
 not left
 Thyself without a witness, in the
 shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur,
 strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of thee. This
 mighty oak—
 By whose immovable stem I stand
 and seem
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,
 In all that proud old world beyond
 the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he

BRYANT.

Wears the green coronal of leaves
with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled
at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the
glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate
forest flower,



With scented breath and look so like
a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless
mould,

An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great uni-
verse.

My heart is awed within me when
 I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me—the perpetual
 work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see
 again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beauti-
 ful youth
 In all its beautiful forms. These
 lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their
 ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there
 is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her
 bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the
 idle hate
 Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats
 himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepul-
 chre,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he
 came forth
 From thine own bosom, and shall
 have no end.

There have been holy men who
 hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and
 gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer,
 till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor
 seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and
 rocks
 Around them;—and there have been
 holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass
 life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps
 shrink
 And tremble and are still. O God!
 when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests,
 set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunder-
 bolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that up-
 roots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at
 thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws
 himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy
 power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and
 follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy
 face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need
 the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to
 teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to medi-
 tate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder
 majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our
 lives.



THE FIRMAMENT.

Ay! gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament!
That, swelling wide o'er earth and
air,
And round the horizon bent,
With thy bright vault, and sapphire
wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.
Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
Arise, and piles built up of old.

And hills, whose ancient summits
freeze
In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height,
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.
Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on
high
The storm has made his airy seat,
Beyond that soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet.

Thence the consuming lightnings
break,
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are
stern.

Earth sends, from all her thousand
isles,

A shout at their return.

The glory that comes down from thee,
Bathes, in deep joy, the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the
day,

The clouds that round him change
and shine,

The airs that fan his way.

Thence look the thoughtful stars, and
there

The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her
skies,

And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise.

I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,
That earth, the proud green earth,
has not,

With all the forms, and hues, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.

We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow
mirth,

How willingly we turn us then

Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,

For seats of innocence and rest!

THINK not that thou and I
Are here the only worshippers to-day,
Beneath this glorious sky,
Mid the soft airs that o'er the meadows play ;
These airs, whose breathing stirs
The fresh grass, are our fellow-worshippers.

See, as they pass, they swing
The censers of a thousand flowers that bend
O'er the young herbs of spring,
And the sweet odors like a prayer ascend,
While, passing thence, the breeze
Wakes the grave anthem of the forest-trees.

From OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS.



THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs
around ;
When even the deep blue heavens
look glad,
And gladness breathes from the
blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-
bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through
all the sky ;

The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by
his den.
And the wilding bee hums merrily
by.

The clouds are at play in the azure
space
And their shadows at play on the
bright-green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic
chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that
 aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that
 beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a
 smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that
 runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun,
 how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in
 his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young
 isles:
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom
 away.



“I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG.”

I BROKE the spell that held me long,
 The dear, dear witchery of song.
 I said, the poet's idle lore
 Shall waste my prime of years no
 more,
 For Poetry, though heavenly born,
 Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell—nor deemed its
 power
 Could fetter me another hour.
 Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget

Its causes were around me yet?
 For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
 Was Nature's everlasting smile.

Still came and lingered on my sight
 Of flowers and streams the bloom
 and light,
 And glory of the stars and sun;—
 And these and poetry are one.
 They, ere the world had held me
 long,
 Recalled me to the love of song.



MIDSUMMER.

A POWER is on the earth and in the
air
From which the vital spirit shrinks
afraid,
And shelters him, in nooks of deep-
est shade,
From the hot steam and from the fiery
glare.
Look forth upon the earth—her thou-
sand plants
Are smitten; even the dark sun-
loving maize
Faints in the field beneath the tor-
rid blaze;

The herd beside the shaded fountain
pants;
For life is driven from all the land-
scape brown;
The bird has sought his tree, the
snake his den,
The trout floats dead in the hot
stream, and men
Drop by the sun-stroke in the popu-
lous town;
As if the Day of Fire had dawned,
and sent
Its deadly breath into the firma-
ment.





WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit,
but thee,
TELL, of the iron heart! they could
not tame!
For thou wert of the mountains;
they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the un-
trampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no
power can hold,
Save that of God, when He sends
forth His cold,

And breathed by winds that through
the free heaven blow.
Thou, while thy prison-walls were
dark around,
Didst meditate the lesson Nature
taught,
And to thy brief captivity was
brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled,
strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy
country free.





TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And colored with the heaven's own
blue,

That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,

Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden
nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are
flown,

And frosts and shortening days por-
tend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let
fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall
see
The hour of death draw near to
me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.





“INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER.”

INNOCENT child and snow - white
flower!

Well are ye paired in your opening
hour.

Thus should the pure and the lovely
meet,

Stainless with stainless, and sweet
with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown
apart,

Are the folds of thy own young
heart;

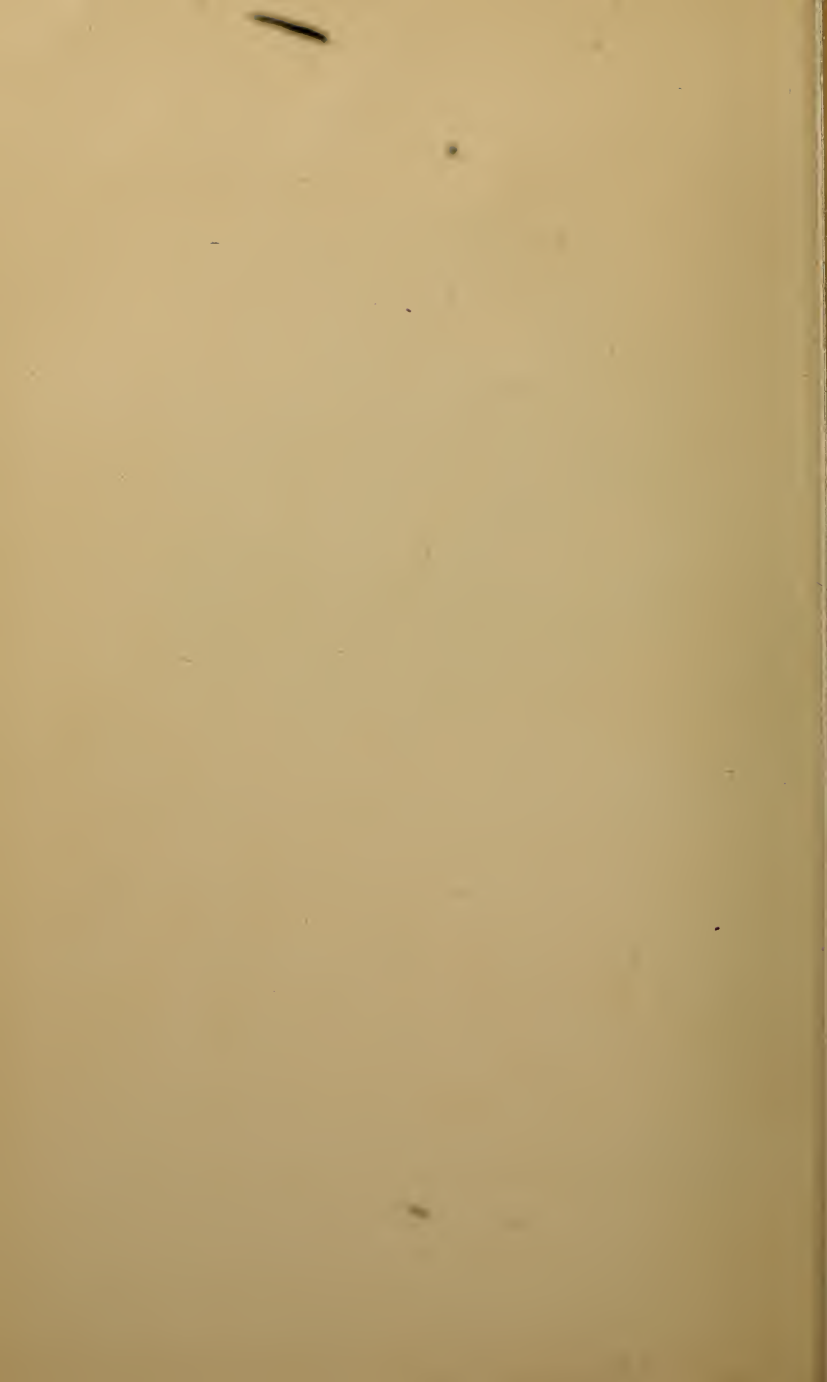
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

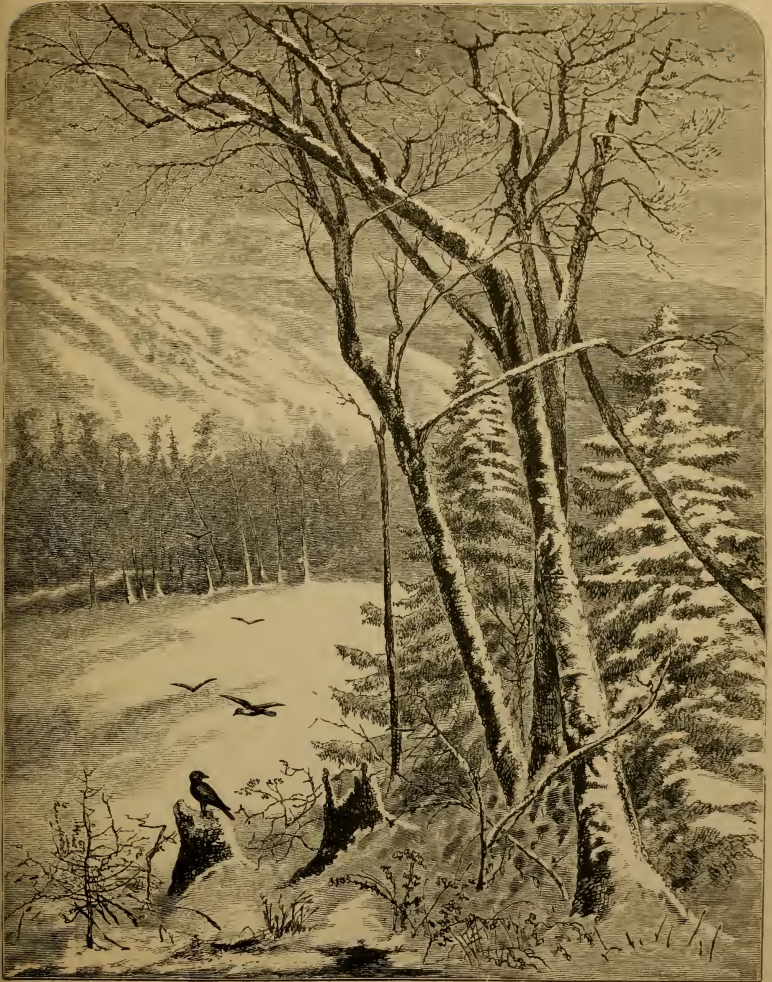
Artless one! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest
brow,

Soon will it tire thy childish eye;
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white
flower;

Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.





THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

WILD was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New-England's
strand,

When first the thoughtful and the
free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

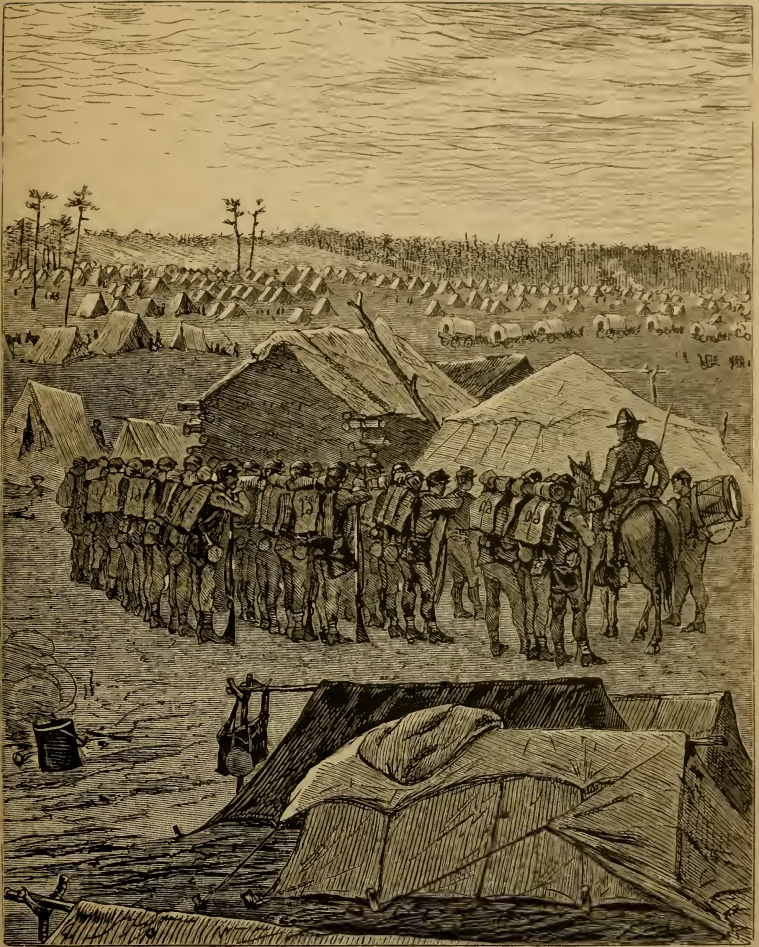
They little thought how pure a light, With years, should gather round that day ; How love should keep their memories bright, How wide a realm their sons should sway.	And regions, now untrod, shall thrill With reverence when their names are breathed.
Green are their bays ; but greener still Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,	Till where the sun, with softer fires, Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep. The children of the pilgrim sires This hallowed day like us shall keep.

“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart
With the blessing of thy peace
And thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail ;
Be thine aid forever near ;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.



SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland
sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened
land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to
mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet
unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,

From mountain-river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,

And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled
that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,

And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood, on Concord's plain,
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death - stain on the vernal
sward
Hallowed to freedom all the
shore;

In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

On this fair valley's grassy breast
The calm, sweet rays of summer rest,
And dove-like peace divinely broods
On its smooth lawns and solemn
woods.

A century since, in flame and smoke,
The storm of battle o'er it broke;
And ere the invader turned and fled,
These pleasant fields were strown
with dead.

Stark, quick to act and bold to dare,
And Warner's mountain band were
there;
And Allen, who had flung the pen
Aside to lead the Berkshire men.

With fiery onset—blow on blow—
They rushed upon the embattled foe,

And swept his squadrons from the
vale,
Like leaves before the autumn gale.

Oh! never may the purple stain
Of combat blot these fields again,
Nor this fair valley ever cease
To wear the placid smile of peace.

But we, beside this battle-field,
Will plight the vow that ere we yield
The right for which our fathers bled,
Our blood shall steep the ground we
tread.

And men shall hold the memory dear
Of those who fought for freedom
here,
And guard the heritage they won
While these green hill-sides feel the
sun.



THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and
gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses ;
here the ground

Was never trenched by spade, and
flowers spring up
Unsovn, and die ungathered. It is
sweet

To linger here, among the flitting birds
 And leaping squirrels, wandering
 brooks, and winds
 That shake the leaves, and scatter,
 as they pass,
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly
 set
 With pale-blue berries. In these
 peaceful shades—
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably
 old—
 My thoughts go up the long dim
 path of years,
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets
 dream,
 A fair young girl, with light and
 delicate limbs,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the
 cap
 With which the Roman master
 crowned his slave
 When he took off the gyves. A
 bearded man,
 Armed to the teeth, art thou; one
 mailed hand
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the
 sword; thy brow,
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is
 scarred
 With tokens of old wars; thy massive
 limbs
 Are strong with struggling. Power
 at thee has launched
 His bolts, and with his lightnings
 smitten thee;
 They could not quench the life thou
 hast from heaven;
 Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon
 deep,
 And his swart armorers, by a thou-
 sand fires,

Have forged thy chain; yet, while he
 deems thee bound,
 The links are shivered, and the
 prison-walls
 Fall outward; terribly thou springest
 forth,
 As springs the flame above a burning
 pile,
 And shoutest to the nations, who
 return
 Thy shoutings, while the pale op-
 pressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by
 human hands:
 Thou wert twin-born with man. In
 pleasant fields,
 While yet our race was few, thou
 sat'st with him,
 To tend the quiet flock and watch
 the stars,
 And teach the reed to utter simple
 airs.
 Thou by his side, amid the tangled
 wood,
 Didst war upon the panther and the
 wolf,
 His only foes; and thou with him
 didst draw
 The earliest furrow on the mountain-
 side,
 Soft with the deluge. Tyranny him-
 self,
 Thy enemy, although of reverend
 look,
 Hoary with many years, and far
 obeyed,
 Is later born than thou; and as he
 meets
 The grave defiance of thine elder
 eye,
 The usurper trembles in his fast-
 nesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the
lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler
age—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave
his snares,

And spring them on thy careless
steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their
ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He
shall send



Quaint maskers, wearing fair and
gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering grace-
ful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps,
by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel,
light thread on thread,

That grow to fetters; or bind down
thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.
Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor
lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom!
close thy lids

In slumber; for thine enemy never
sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat
till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But
wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds
of men,

These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the for-
est-trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock
were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and
rejoiced.



THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveller saw the wild-deer
drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the
wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,

And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead
showed

A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were
heard

On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
 Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
 Beside the silver-footed deer
 There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
 To aim the rifle here ;
 "It were a sin," she said, "to harm
 Or fright that friendly deer.
 "This spot has been my pleasant home
 Ten peaceful years and more ;
 And ever, when the moonlight shines,
 She feeds before our door.

"The red-men say that here she
 walked
 A thousand moons ago ;
 They never raise the war-whoop
 here,
 And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
 And think that all is well
 While such a gentle creature haunts
 The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for
 game
 In forests far away,
 Where, deep in silence and in moss,
 The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time
 He ranged the wild in vain,

Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
 And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
 Shone with a mingling light ;
 The deer, upon the grassy mead,
 Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
 And from the cliffs around
 A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
 Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
 The startled creature flew,
 And crimson drops at morning lay
 Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing
 moon
 As brightly as before ;
 The deer upon the grassy mead
 Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was
 old,
 By night the red-men came,
 And burnt the cottage to the ground,
 And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the
 mead,
 And hid the cliffs from sight ;
 There shrieks the hovering hawk at
 noon,
 And prowls the fox at night.



THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of
Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twi-
light sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing
streams,
That glean where the dusky valleys
lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of end-
less morn,

And the nearer mountains catch the
glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields
are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that
bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory
there,
With the souls of the living hand
in hand.

One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—

One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the specters of guilty fear,
And soft low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!

The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the blooms of early May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
O keep where that beam of Paradise falls:
And only wander where thou mayst meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls!

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife:
And the light which over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.



THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with
 the spade ;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly
 care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Buds, which the breath of summer
 days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crim-
 son breast,
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her
 nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
 To load the May - wind's restless
 wings,
 When, from the orchard - row, he
 pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors ;
 A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon,

And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of
glee,
And seek them where the fragrant
grass

Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the
night,

Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow
with mirth.

Shall peel its fruit by cottage-
hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall
see,

Heaped with the grape of Cintra's
vine

And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the
view,

And ask in what fair groves they
grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer
play,

In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds
lower,

The crisp brown leaves in thicker
shower.

The years shall come and pass, but
we

Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of
years

Is wasting this little apple-tree?

“Who planted this old apple-
tree?”

The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer
them:

“A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
’Tis said he made some quaint old
rhymes,

On planting the apple-tree.”



THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I
pray,
On the lake below, thy gentle
eyes;

The clouds hang over it, heavy and
gray,
And dark and silent the water
lies;

And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;

Flake after flake

They sink in the dark and silent lake.
See how in a living swarm they
come

From the chambers beyond that
misty veil ;

Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like sum-
mer hail.

All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths be-
low ;

Flake after flake

Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.
Here delicate snow-stars, out of the
cloud,

Come floating downward in airy
play,

Like spangles dropped from the
glistening crowd

That whiten by night the milky
way ;

There broader and burlier masses
fall ;

The sullen water buries them all—

Flake after flake—

All drowned in the dark and silent
lake.

And some, as on tender wings they
glide

From their chilly birth-cloud, dim
and gray,

Are joined in their fall, and, side by
side,

Come clinging along their unsteady
way ;

As friend with friend, or husband
with wife,

Makes hand in hand the passage of
life ;

Each mated flake

Soon sinks in the dark and silent
lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter
haste

Stream down the snows, till the
air is white,

As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their
shadowy height.

The fair, frail creatures of middle
sky,

What speed they make, with their
graves so nigh ;

Flake after flake,

To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;

They turn to me in sorrowful
thought ;

Thou thinkest of friends, the good
and dear,

Who were for a time, and now are
not ;

Like these fair children of cloud and
frost,

That glisten a moment and then are
lost,

Flake after flake—

All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;

A gleam of blue on the water lies ;

And far away, on the mountain-side,

A sunbeam falls from the opening
skies,

But the hurrying host that flew be-
tween

The cloud and the water, no more is
seen ;

Flake after flake,

At rest in the dark and silent lake.



ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his
name:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-
coat;

White are his shoulders and white
his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,

Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown
wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her hus-
band sings:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not
fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is
he,

Pouring boasts from his little
throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Never was I afraid of man;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you
can!

Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!

There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife, that never goes out,

Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,

Six wide mouths are open for food;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seeds for the hungry
brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

This new life is likely to be

Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made

Sober with work, and silent with
care;

Off is his holiday garment laid,

Half forgotten that merry air:

Bob-o' link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Nobody knows but my mate and I

Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are
grown;

Fun and frolic no more he knows;

Robert of Lincoln's a hundrum crone;

Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old
strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.



A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—
 Stay till the good old year,
 So long companion of our way,
 Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One little hour, and then away.

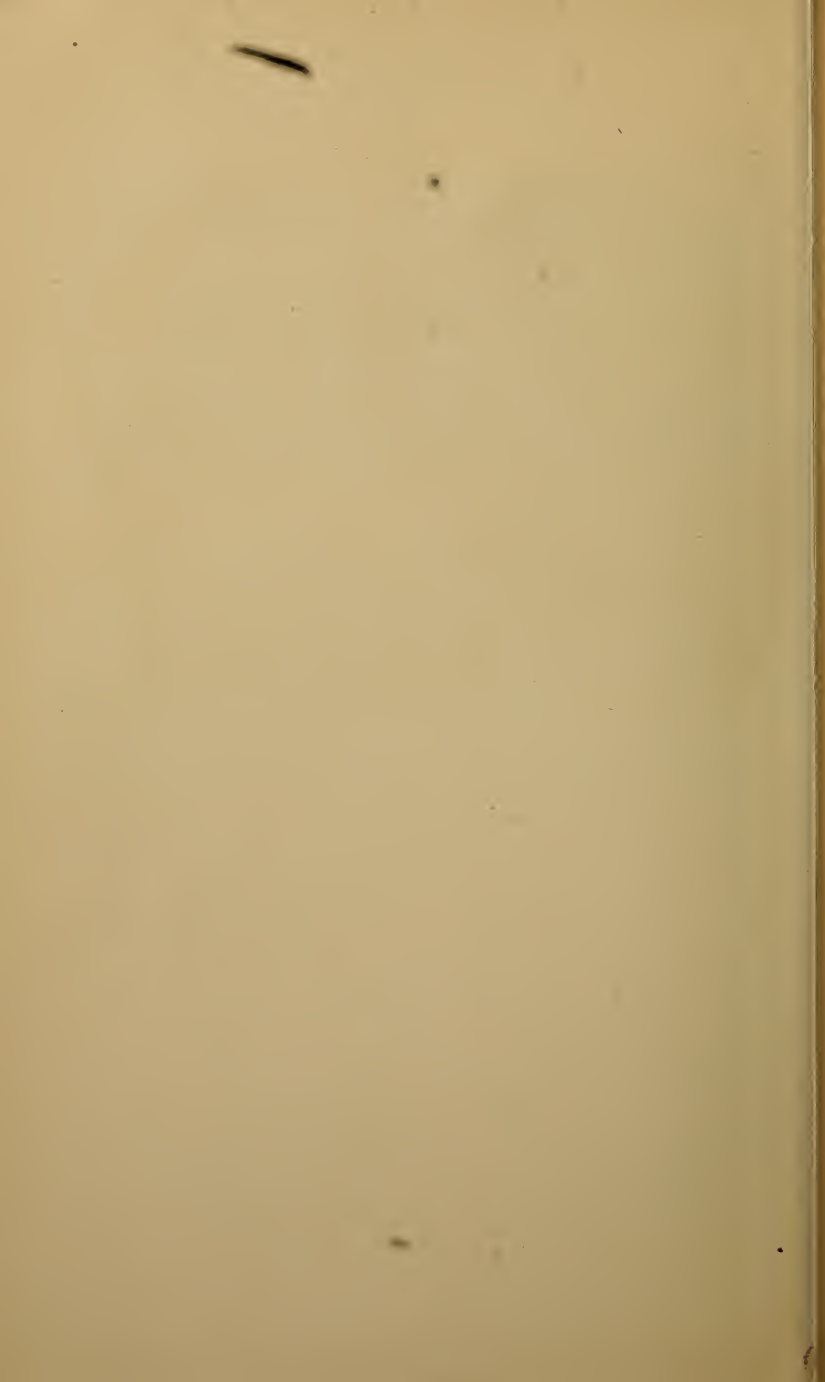
The year, whose hopes were high
 and strong,
 Has now no hopes to wake ;
 Yet one hour more of jest and song
 For his familiar sake.
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One mirthful hour, and then away.

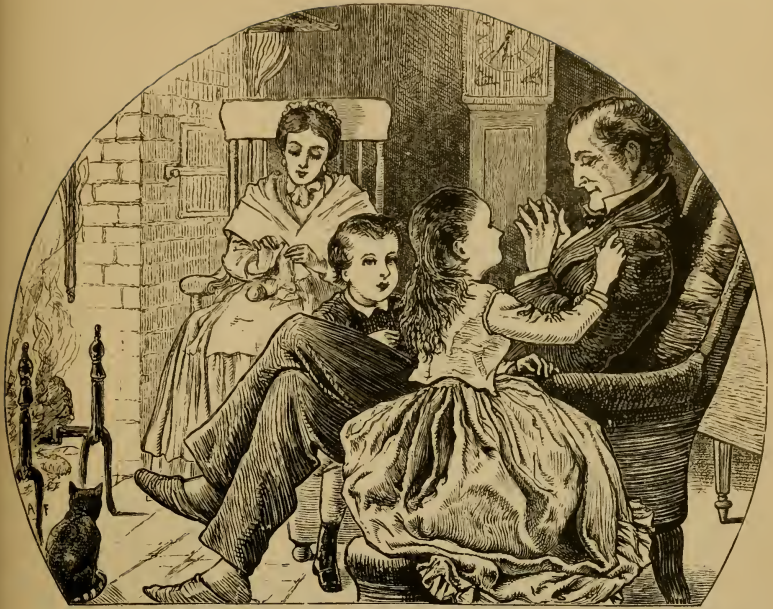
The kindly year, his liberal hands
 Have lavished all his store.
 And shall we turn from where he
 stands,
 Because he gives no more ?
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
 While yet he was our guest ;
 How cheerfully the week was spent !
 How sweet the seventh day's rest !
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who
 sleep
 Beneath the coffin-lid :
 What pleasant memories we keep
 Of all they said and did !
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his
 last,
 And leaves our sphere behind.
 The good old year is with the past ;
 Oh be the new as kind !
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One parting strain, and then away.





THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

Alice.—One of your old-world stories, Uncle John,
Such as you tell us by the winter fire,
Till we all wonder it is grown so late.

Uncle John.—The story of the witch that ground to death
Two children in her mill, or will you have
The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

Alice.— Nay now, nay;
Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,
Too childish even for little Willy here,
And I am older, two good years, than he;

No, let us have a tale of elves that ride,
By night, with jingling reins, or gnomes of the mine,
Or water-fairies, such as you know how
To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,
And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,
Lays down her knitting.

Uncle John.— Listen to me, then.
'Twas in the olden time, long, long ago,
And long before the great oak at our door
Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side
Lived, with his wife, a cottager.
They dwelt

Beside a glen and near a dashing
 brook,
 A pleasant spot in spring, where first
 the wren
 Was heard to chatter, and, among the
 grass,
 Flowers opened earliest; but when
 winter came,
 That little brook was fringed with
 other flowers,—
 White flowers, with crystal leaf and
 stem, that grew

In clear November nights. And,
 later still,
 That mountain-glen was filled with
 drifted snows
 From side to side, that one might
 walk across;
 While, many a fathom deep, below,
 the brook
 Sang to itself, and leaped and trotted
 on
 Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward
 the vale.



Alice.—A mountain-side, you said;
 the Alps, perhaps,
 Or our own Alleghanies.
Uncle John.— Not so fast,

My young geographer, for then the
 Alps,
 With their broad pastures, haply
 were untrod

Of herdsman's foot, and never human
voice
Had sounded in the woods that over-
hang

Our Alleghany's streams. I think it
was
Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,
Or where the rivulets of Ararat



Seek the Armenian vales. That
mountain rose
So high, that, on its top, the winter-
snow

Was never melted, and the cottagers
Among the summer-blossoms, far be-
low,
Saw its white peaks in August from
their door.

One little maiden, in that cottage-
home,
Dwelt with her parents, light of heart
and limb,

Bright, restless, thoughtless, flitting
here and there,

Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean-
waves,

And sometimes she forgot what she
was bid,

As Alice does.

Alice.— Or Willy, quite as oft.

Uncle John.—But you are older,
Alice, two good years,
And should be wiser. Eva was the
name

Of this young maiden, now twelve
summers old.

Now you must know that, in those
early times,

When autumn days grew pale, there
came a troop

Of childlike forms from that cold
mountain-top;

With trailing garments through the
air they came,

Or walked the ground with girded
loins, and threw

Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,
And edged the brooks with glistening

parapets,
And built it crystal bridges, touched

the pool,
And turned its face to glass, or, rising

thence,
They shook from their full laps the
soft, light snow,

And buried the great earth, as
autumn winds

Bury the forest-floor in heaps of
leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with
baby brows,

And fair, bright locks, and voices
like the sound

Of steps on the crisp snow, in which
they talked
With man, as friend with friend. A
merry sight
It was, when, crowding round the
traveller,

They smote him with their heaviest
snow-flakes, flung
Needles of frost in handfuls at his
cheeks,
And, of the light wreaths of his
smoking breath,



Wove a white fringe for his brown
beard, and laughed
Their slender laugh to see him wink
and grin
And make grim faces as he floundered
on.

But, when the spring came on,
what terror reigned

Among these Little People of the
Snow!

To them the sun's warm beams were
shafts of fire,

And the soft south-wind was the
wind of death.

Away they flew, all with a pretty
scowl

Upon their childish faces, to the
north,
Or scampered upward to the moun-
tain's top,
And there defied their enemy, the
Spring;
Skipping and dancing on the frozen
peaks,

And moulding little snow-balls in
their palms,
And rolling them, to crush her
flowers below,
Down the steep snow-fields.

Alice.— That, too, must have been
A merry sight to look at.

Uncle John.— You are right,



But I must speak of graver matters
now.

Midwinter was the time, and Eva
stood,
Within the cottage, all prepared to
dare
The outer cold, with ample furry
robe
Close-belted round her waist, and
boots of fur,

And a broad kerchief, which her
mother's hand
Had closely drawn about her ruddy
cheek.

“Now, stay not long abroad,” said
the good dame,
“For sharp is the outer air, and,
mark me well,
Go not upon the snow beyond the
spot

Where the great linden bounds the
neighboring field."

The little maiden promised, and
went forth,

And climbed the rounded snow-swells
firm with frost

Beneath her feet, and slid, with bal-
ancing arms,

Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift
She slowly rose, before her, in the
way,

She saw a little creature, lily-cheeked,
With flowing flaxen locks, and faint
blue eyes,

That gleamed like ice, and robe that
only seemed

Of a more shadowy whiteness than
her cheek.

On a smooth bank she sat.

Alice.— She must have been
One of your Little People of the
Snow.

Uncle John.—She was so, and, as
Eva now drew near,

The tiny creature bounded from her
seat;

"And come," she said, "my pretty
friend; to-day

We will be playmates. I have
watched thee long,

And seen how well thou lov'st to
walk these drifts,

And scoop their fair sides into little
cells,

And carve them with quaint figures,
huge-limbed men,

Lions, and griffins. We will have,
to-day,

A merry ramble over these bright
fields,

And thou shalt see what thou hast
never seen."

On went the pair, until they reached
the bound

Where the great linden stood, set
deep in snow,

Up to the lower branches. "Here
we stop,"

Said Eva, "for my mother has my
word

That I will go no farther than this
tree."

Then the snow-maiden laughed:
"And what is this?

This fear of the pure snow, the
innocent snow,

That never harmed aught living?
Thou mayst roam

For leagues beyond this garden, and
return

In safety; here the grim wolf never
prowls,

And here the eagle of our mountain-
crags

Preys not in winter. I will show
the way,

And bring thee safely home. Thy
mother, sure,

Counselled thee thus because thou
hadst no guide."

By such smooth words was Eva
won to break

Her promise, and went on with her
new friend,

Over the glistening snow and down a
bank

Where a white shelf, wrought by the
eddy wind,

Like to a billow's crest in the great
sea,

Curtained an opening. "Look, we
enter here."

And straight, beneath the fair o'er-
hanging fold,

Entered the little pair that hill of
snow,

Walking along a passage with white
walls,

And a white vault above where
snow-stars shed
A wintry twilight. Eva moved in
awe,

And held her peace, but the snow-
maiden smiled,
And talked and tripped along, as,
down the way,



Deeper they went into that moun-
tainous drift.

And now the white walls widened,
and the vault
Swelled upward, like some vast cath-
edral-dome,

Such as the Florentine, who bore the
name

Of heaven's most potent angel,
reared, long since,
Or the unknown builder of that
wondrous fane,

The glory of Burgos. Here a garden lay,
 In which the Little People of the Snow
 Were wont to take their pastime
 when their tasks
 Upon the mountain's side and in the
 clouds
 Were ended. Here they taught the
 silent frost
 To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf
 and flower,
 The growths of summer. Here the
 palm upreared
 Its white columnar trunk and spotless
 sheaf
 Of plume-like leaves; here cedars,
 huge as those
 Of Lebanon, stretched far their level
 boughs,
 Yet pale and shadowless; the sturdy
 oak
 Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of
 seeming strength,
 Fast anchored in the glistening bank;
 light sprays
 Of myrtle, roses in their bud and
 bloom,
 Drooped by the winding walks; yet
 all seemed wrought
 Of stainless alabaster; up the trees
 Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk
 and leaf
 Colorless as her flowers. "Go softly
 on,"
 Said the snow-maiden; "touch not,
 with thy hand,
 The frail creation round thee, and
 beware
 To sweep it with thy skirts. Now
 look above.
 How sumptuously these bowers are
 lighted up
 With shifting gleams that softly come
 and go!

These are the northern lights, such
 as thou seest
 In the midwinter nights, cold, wan-
 dering flames,
 That float with our processions,
 through the air;
 And here, within our winter palaces,
 Mimic the glorious daybreak." Then
 she told
 How, when the wind, in the long
 winter nights,
 Swept the light snows into the hollow
 dell,
 She and her comrades guided to its
 place
 Each wandering flake, and piled them
 quaintly up,
 In shapely colonnade and glistening
 arch,
 With shadowy aisles between, or
 bade them grow,
 Beneath their little hands, to bowery
 walks
 In gardens such as these, and, o'er
 them all,
 Built the broad roof. "But thou
 hast yet to see
 A fairer sight," she said, and led the
 way
 To where a window of pellucid ice
 Stood in the wall of snow, beside
 their path.
 "Look, but thou mayst not enter."
 Eva looked,
 And lo! a glorious hall, from whose
 high vault
 Stripes of soft light, ruddy and
 delicate green,
 And tender blue, flowed downward
 to the floor
 And far around, as if the aërial
 hosts,
 That march on high by night, with
 beamy spears,

And streaming banners, to that place
 had brought
 Their radiant flags to grace a festival.
 And in that hall a joyous multitude
 Of those by whom its glistening walls
 were reared,

Whirled in a merry dance to silvery
 sounds,
 That rang from cymbals of trans-
 parent ice,
 And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful
 touch



Of little fingers. Round and round
 they flew,
 As when, in spring, about a chimney-
 top,
 A cloud of twittering swallows, just
 returned,
 Wheel round and round, and turn
 and wheel again,
 Unwinding their swift track. So
 rapidly
 Flowed the meandering stream of
 that fair dance,
 Beneath that dome of light. Bright
 eyes that looked
 From under lily-brows, and gauzy
 scarfs
 Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the
 early sun,
 Shot by the window in their mazy
 whirl.

And there stood Eva, wondering at
 the sight
 Of those bright revellers and that
 graceful sweep
 Of motion as they passed her;—long
 she gazed,
 And listened long to the sweet
 sounds that thrilled
 The frosty air, till now the encroach-
 ing cold
 Recalled her to herself. "Too long,
 too long
 I linger here," she said, and then she
 sprang
 Into the path, and with a hurried
 step
 Followed it upward. Ever by her
 side
 Her little guide kept pace. As on
 they went,

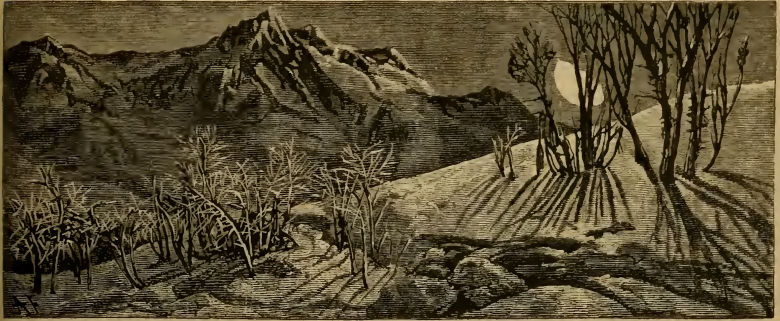
Eva bemoaned her fault: "What
must they think—
The dear ones in the cottage, while
so long,
Hour after hour, I stay without? I
know
That they will seek me far and near,
and weep

To find me not. How could I,
wickedly,
Neglect the charge they gave me?"
As she spoke,
The hot tears started to her eyes;
she knelt
In the mid-path. "Father! forgive
this sin;



Forgive myself I cannot"—thus she
 prayed,
 And rose and hastened onward.
 When, at last,
 They reached the outer air, the clear
 north breathed
 A bitter cold, from which she shrank
 with dread,

But the snow-maiden bounded as she
 felt
 The cutting blast, and uttered shouts
 of joy,
 And skipped, with boundless glee,
 from drift to drift,
 And danced round Eva, as she labored
 up



The mounds of snow. "Ah me! I
 feel my eyes
 Grow heavy," Eva said; "they swim
 with sleep;
 I cannot walk for utter weariness,
 And I must rest a moment on this
 bank,
 But let it not be long." As thus she
 spoke,
 In half formed words, she sank on
 the smooth snow,
 With closing lids. Her guide com-
 posed the robe
 About her limbs, and said: "A
 pleasant spot
 Is this to slumber in; on such a couch
 Oft have I slept away the winter
 night,
 And had the sweetest dreams." So
 Eva slept,
 But slept in death; for when the
 power of frost

Locks up the motions of the living
 frame,
 The victim passes to the realm of
 Death
 Through the dim porch of Sleep.
 The little guide,
 Watching beside her, saw the hues of
 life
 Fade from the fair smooth brow and
 rounded cheek,
 As fades the crimson from a morning
 cloud,
 Till they were white as marble, and
 the breath
 Had ceased to come and go, yet knew
 she not
 At first that this was death. But
 when she marked
 How deep the paleness was, how
 motionless
 That once lithe form, a fear came
 over her.

She strove to wake the sleeper,
 plucked her robe,
 And shouted in her ear, but all in
 vain ;
 The life had passed away from those
 young limbs.
 Then the snow-maiden raised a wail-
 ing cry,
 Such as the dweller in some lonely
 wild,
 Sleepless through all the long Decem-
 ber night,
 Hears when the mournful east begins
 to blow.
 But suddenly was heard the sound
 of steps,

Grating on the crisp snow ; the cot-
 tagers
 Were seeking Eva ; from afar they
 saw
 The twain, and hurried toward them.
 As they came
 With gentle chidings ready on their
 lips,
 And marked that deathlike sleep, and
 heard the tale
 Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish
 fell
 Upon their hearts, and bitter words
 of grief
 And blame were uttered : " Cruel,
 cruel one,



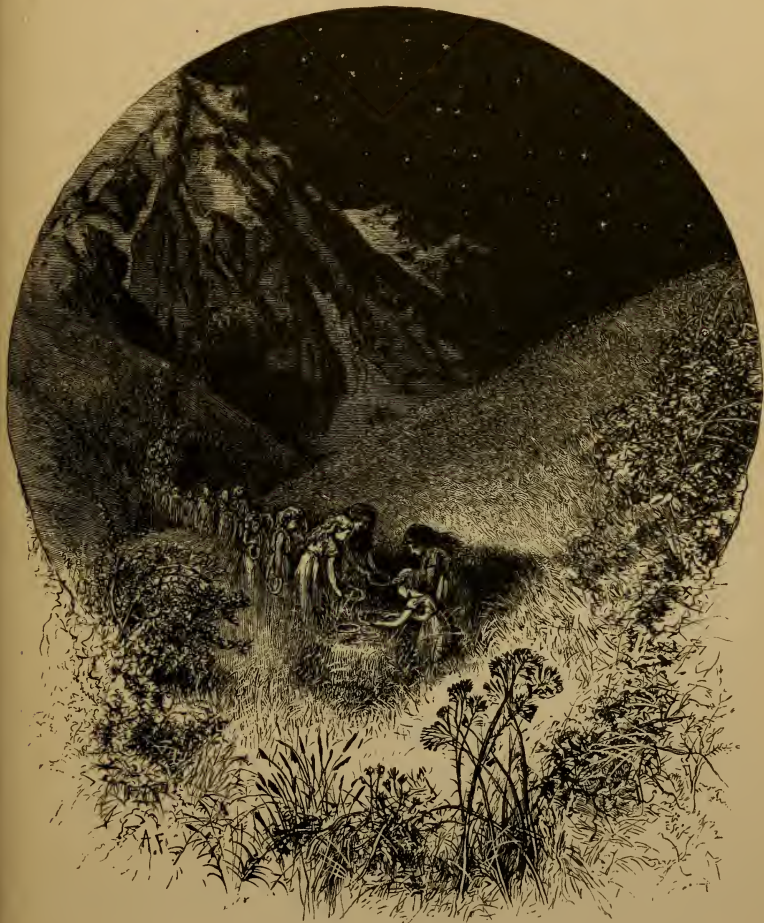
To tempt our daughter thus, and
 cruel we,
 Who suffered her to wander forth
 alone
 In this fierce cold ! " They lifted the
 dear child,
 And bore her home and chafed her
 tender limbs,
 And strove, by all the simple arts
 they knew,
 To make the chilled blood move, and
 win the breath
 Back to her bosom ; fruitlessly they
 strove ;
 The little maid was dead. In blank
 despair

They stood, and gazed at her who
 never more
 Should look on them. " Why die we
 not with her ? "
 They said ; " without her, life is
 bitterness. "
 Now came the funeral-day ; the
 simple folk
 Of all that pastoral region gathered
 round
 To share the sorrow of the cot-
 tagers.
 They carved a way into the mound of
 snow
 To the glen's side, and dug a little
 grave

BRYANT.

In the smooth slope, and, following
the bier,
In long procession from the silent door,
Chanted a sad and solemn melody :

“Lay her away to rest within the
ground.
Yea, lay her down whose pure and
innocent life



Was spotless as these snows; for she
was reared
In love, and passed in love life's
pleasant spring,

And all that now our tenderest love
can do
Is to give burial to her lifeless
limbs.”

They paused. A thousand slender
 voices round,
 Like echoes softly flung from rock
 and hill,
 Took up the strain, and all the
 hollow air
 Seemed mourning for the dead; for,
 on that day,
 The Little People of the Snow had
 come,
 From mountain-peak, and cloud, and
 icy hall,
 To Eva's burial. As the murmur died,
 The funeral-train renewed the solemn
 chant:

"Thou, Lord, hast taken her to be
 with Eve,
 Whose gentle name was given her.
 Even so,
 For so Thy wisdom saw that it was
 best
 For her and us. We bring our bleed-
 ing hearts,
 And ask the touch of healing from
 Thy hand,
 As, with submissive tears, we render
 back
 The lovely and beloved to Him who
 gave."

They ceased. Again the plaintive
 murmur rose.
 From shadowy skirts of low-hung
 cloud it came,
 And wide white fields, and fir-trees
 capped with snow,
 Shivering to the sad sounds. They
 sank away
 To silence in the dim-seen distant
 woods.

The little grave was closed; the
 funeral-train
 Departed; winter wore away; the
 Spring
 Steeped, with her quickening rains,
 the violet-tufts,
 By fond hands planted where the
 maiden slept.
 But, after Eva's burial, never more
 The Little People of the Snow were
 seen
 By human eye, nor ever human
 ear
 Heard from their lips articulate
 speech again;
 For a decree went forth to cut them
 off,
 Forever, from communion with man-
 kind.
 The winter-clouds, along the moun-
 tain-side,
 Rolled downward toward the vale,
 but no fair form
 Leaned from their folds, and, in the
 icy glens,
 And aged woods, under snow-loaded
 pines,
 Where once they made their haunt,
 was emptiness.
 But ever, when the wintry days
 drew near,
 Around that little grave, in the long
 night,
 Frost-wreaths were laid and tufts of
 silvery rime
 In shape like blades and blossoms of
 the field,
 As one would scatter flowers upon a
 bier.

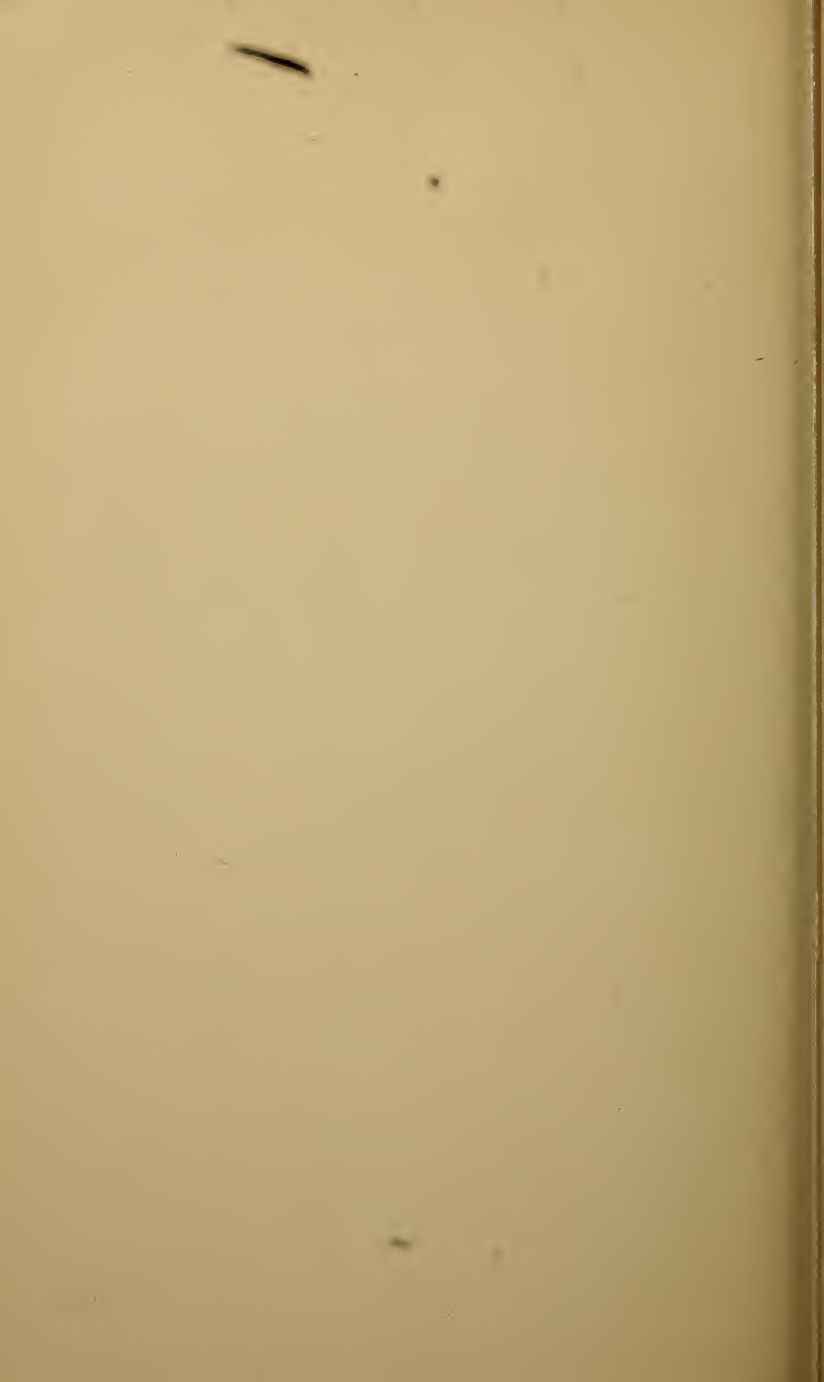
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.



A LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN.

SHREWD was the good St. Martin; he
was famed

For sly expedients and devices
quaint;

And autumn's latest sunny days are
named

St. Martin's summer from the
genial saint.

Large were his charities; one winter
day

He saw a half-clad beggar in the way,

And stopped and said: "Well met,
my friend, well met;

That nose of thine, I see, is quite too
blue."

With that his trenchant sword he
drew—

For he was in the service yet—

And cut his military cloak in two;

And with a pleasant laugh

He bade the shivering rogue take
half.

On one of the great roads of
France

Two travellers were journeying on a
day.

The saint drew near, as if by
chance,

And joined them, walking the same
way.

A shabby pair in truth were they,
For one was meanly covetous, and
one

An envious wretch—so doth the
legend run.

Yet courteously they greeted him,
and talked

Of current topics; for example,
whether

There would be war, and what to-
morrow's weather,

Cheating the weary furlongs as they
walked.

And when the eventide drew near
Thus spoke the saint: "We part to-
night;

I am St. Martin, and I give you
here

The means to make your fortunes,
used aright;

Let one of you think what will
please him best,

And freely ask what I will freely
give.

And he who asks not shall from me
receive

Twice what the other gains by his
request;

And now I take my leave."

He spoke, and left the astonished
men

Delighted with his words; but then
The question rose, which of that
lucky pair

Should speak the wish and take the
smaller share.

Each begged the other not to heed
The promptings of a selfish greed,

But frame at once, since he so well
knew how,

The amplest, fullest wish that words
allow.

"Dear comrade, act a princely
part;
Lay every sordid thought aside;

Show thyself generous as thou
art;
Take counsel of thy own large
heart,
And nobly for our common good
provide."
But neither prayers nor flatteries
availed;
They passed from these to threats,
and threats too failed.
Thus went the pleadings on, until at
last
The covetous man, his very blood
on fire,
Flew at his fellow's throat and
clenched it fast,
And shrieked: "Die, then, or do
what I require;
Die, strangled like a dog." That
taunt awoke
A fierce anger in his envious
mate,

And merged the thirst of gain in
bitter hate;
And with a half-choked voice he
spoke,
Dissembling his malign intent,
"Take off thy hand and I con-
sent."
The grasp was loosened, and he
raised a shout,
"I wish that one of my own eyes
were out."
The wish was gratified as soon as
heard.
St. Martin punctually kept his word.
The envious man was one-eyed from
that day,
The other blind for his whole life
remained.
And this was all the good that
either gained
From the saint's offer in the public
way.



THE WORDS OF THE KORAN.

EMIR HASSAN, of the prophet's race,
Asked with folded hands the Al-
mighty's grace.

Then within the banquet-hall he sat
At his meal upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the
food,

Spilling from the charger, as he
stood,

Awkwardly, upon the Emir's breast,
Drops that foully stained the silken
vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and
dread,

Fell the slave, and thus beseeching
said :

"Master! they who hasten to re-
strain

Rising wrath, in Paradise shall
reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:
"I'm not angry." "Yet," pursued
the slave,

"Yet doth higher recompense be-
long

To the injured who forgives a
wrong."

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we
read,"

Thus the prostrate slave went on to
plead,

"That a higher place in glory still
Waits the man who renders good for
ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and be-
hold

In thy hands I lay a purse of gold ;
Let me never fail to heed in aught
What the prophet of our God hath
taught."





THE MYSTERY OF FLOWERS.

Not idly do I stray
At prime, where far the mountain
ridges run,

And note, along my way,
Each flower that opens in the early
sun;

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Or gather blossoms by the valley's
spring,
When the sun sets and dancing in-
sects sing.

Each has her moral rede,
Each of the gentle family of flowers;
And I with patient heed,
Oft spell their lessons in my graver
hours.

The faintest streak that on a petal lies,
May speak instruction to initiate eyes.

CUMMINGTON, 1840.

And well do poets teach
Each blossom's charming mystery;
declare,
In clear melodious speech,
The silent admonitions pencilled
there;
And from the Love of Beauty, aptly
taught,
Lead to a higher good, the willing
thought.

ROSLYN, 1875.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN.

THROUGH calm and storm the years
have led

Our nation on, from stage to
stage—

A century's space—until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see where o'er our pathway
swept

A torrent-stream of blood and fire,
And thank the Guardian Power who
kept

Our sacred League of States entire.

Oh, chequered train of years, fare-
well!

With all thy strifes and hopes and
fears!

Yet with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and teach the coming
years.

And thou, the new-beginning age,
Warned by the past, and not in
vain,

Write on a fairer, whiter page,
The record of thy happier reign.





THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless
 Urn,
 Pours forth the never-ending Flood
 of Years,
 Among the nations. How the rush-
 ing waves
 Bear all before them! On their fore-
 most edge,
 And there alone, is Life. The Pres-
 ent there
 Tosses and foams, and fills the air
 with roar
 Of mingled noises. There are they
 who toil,
 And they who strive, and they who
 feast, and they
 Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy
 swain—
 Woodman and delver with the spade
 —is there,
 And busy artisan beside his bench,
 And pallid student with his written
 roll.
 A moment on the mounting billow
 seen,
 The flood sweeps over them and they
 are gone.
 There groups of revellers whose
 brows are twined
 With roses, ride the topmost swell
 awhile,
 And as they raise their flowing cups
 and touch
 The clinking brim to brim, are
 whirled beneath
 The waves and disappear. I hear
 the jar
 Of beaten drums, and thunders that
 break forth

From cannon, where the advancing
 billow sends
 Up to the sight long files of armèd
 men,
 That hurry to the charge through
 flame and smoke.
 The torrent bears them under,
 whelmed and hid
 Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody
 foam.
 Down go the steed and rider, the
 plumed chief
 Sinks with his followers; the head
 that wears
 The imperial diadem goes down be-
 side
 The felon's with cropped ear and
 branded cheek.
 A funeral-train—the torrent sweeps
 away
 Bearers and bier and mourners. By
 the bed
 Of one who dies men gather sorrow-
 ing,
 And women weep aloud; the flood
 rolls on;
 The wail is stifled and the sobbing
 group
 Borne under. Hark to that shrill,
 sudden shout,
 The cry of an applauding multitude,
 Swayed by some loud-voiced orator
 who wields
 The living mass as if he were its
 soul!
 The waters choke the shout and all is
 still.
 Lo! next a kneeling crowd, and one
 who spreads

The hands in prayer—the engulfing
 wave o'ertakes
 And swallows them and him. A
 sculptor wields
 The chisel, and the stricken marble
 grows
 To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
 A painter stands, and sunshine at his
 touch
 Gathers upon his canvas, and life
 glows;
 A poet, as he paces to and fro,
 Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile
 they ride
 The advancing billow, till its tossing
 crest
 Strikes them and flings them under,
 while their tasks
 Are yet unfinished. See a mother
 smile
 On her young babe that smiles to her
 again;
 The torrent wrests it from her arms;
 she shrieks
 And weeps, and midst her tears is
 carried down.
 A beam like that of moonlight turns
 the spray
 To glistening pearls; two lovers,
 hand in hand,
 Rise on the billowy swell and fondly
 look
 Into each other's eyes. The rushing
 flood
 Flings them apart: the youth goes
 down; the maid
 With hands outstretched in vain, and
 streaming eyes,
 Waits for the next high wave to
 follow him.
 An aged man succeeds; his bending
 form
 Sinks slowly. Mingling with the
 sullen stream

Gleam the white locks, and then are
 seen no more.
 Lo! wider grows the stream—a
 sea-like flood
 Saps earth's walled cities; massive
 palaces
 Crumble before it; fortresses and
 towers
 Dissolve in the swift waters; popu-
 lous realms
 Swept by the torrent see their
 ancient tribes
 Engulfed and lost; their very lan-
 guages
 Stifled, and never to be uttered
 more.
 I pause and turn my eyes, and
 looking back
 Where that tumultuous flood has
 been, I see
 The silent ocean of the Past, a waste
 Of waters weltering over graves, its
 shores
 Strewn with the wreck of fleets
 where mast and hull
 Drop away piecemeal; battlemented
 walls
 Frown idly, green with moss, and
 temples stand
 Unroofed, forsaken by the wor-
 shipper.
 There lie memorial stones, whence
 time has gnawed
 The graven legends, thrones of kings
 o'erturned,
 The broken altars of forgotten gods,
 Foundations of old cities and long
 streets
 Where never fall of human foot is
 heard,
 On all the desolate pavement. I be-
 hold
 Dim glimmerings of lost jewels, far
 within

The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
 Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
 Once glittering at the banquet on fair
 brows
 That long ago were dust, and all
 around
 Strewn on the surface of that silent
 sea
 Are withering bridal wreaths, and
 glossy locks
 Shorn from dear brows, by loving
 hands, and scrolls
 O'er written, haply with fond words
 of love
 And vows of friendship, and fair
 pages flung
 Fresh from the printer's engine.
 There they lie
 A moment, and then sink away from
 sight.
 I look, and the quick tears are in
 my eyes,
 For I behold in every one of these
 A blighted hope, a separate history
 Of human sorrows, telling of dear
 ties
 Suddenly broken, dreams of happi-
 ness
 Dissolved in air, and happy days too
 brief
 That sorrowfully ended, and I think
 How painfully must the poor heart
 have beat
 In bosoms without number, as the
 blow
 Was struck that slew their hope and
 broke their peace.
 Sadly I turn and look before,
 where yet
 The Flood must pass, and I behold
 a mist
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the
 brood of Hope,

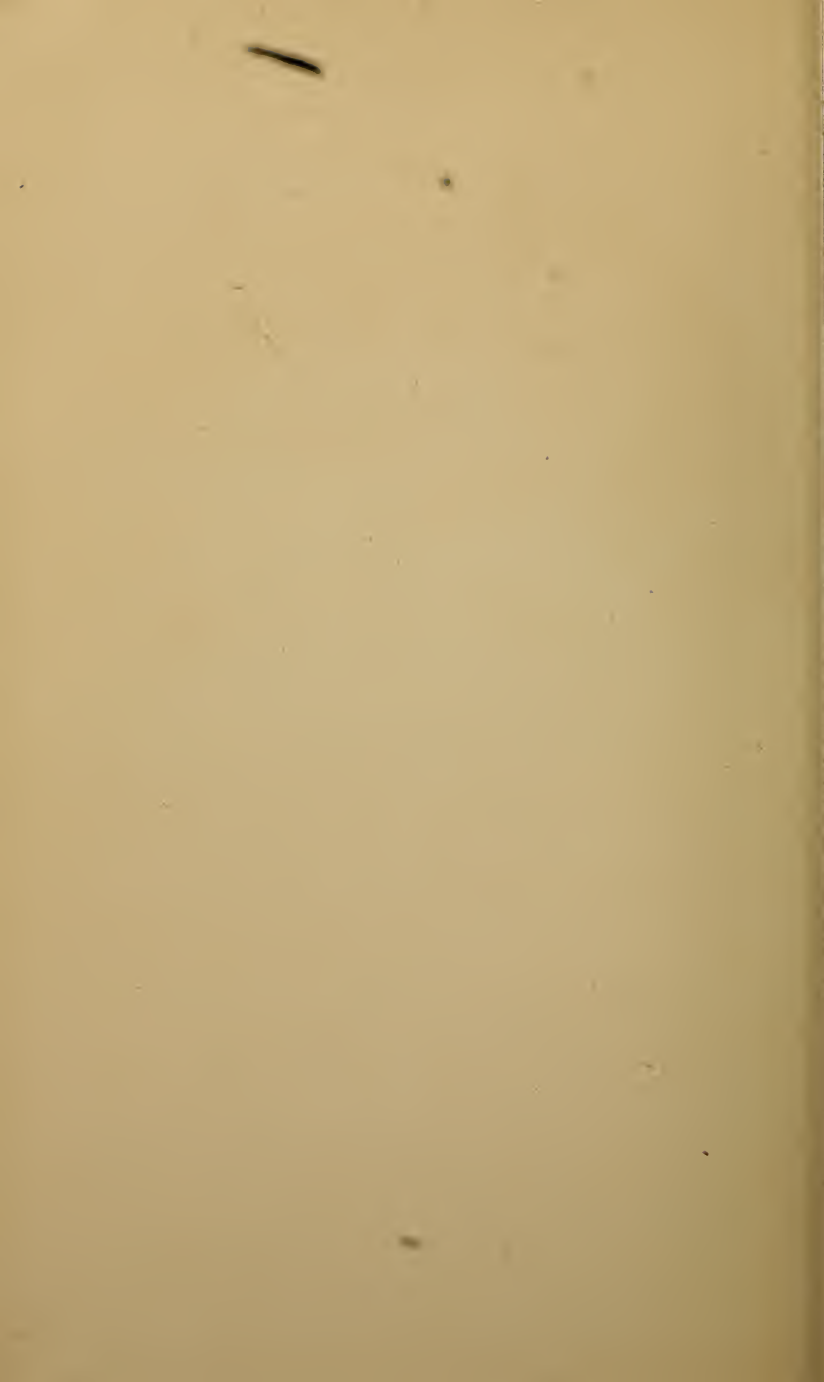
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of
 flowers,
 Or wander among rainbows, fading
 soon
 And reappearing, haply giving place
 To forms of grisly aspect such as
 Fear
 Shapes from the idle air—where
 serpents lift
 The head to strike, and skeletons
 stretch forth
 The bony arm in menace. Further
 on
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the
 way
 Long, low, and distant, where the
 Life to come
 Touches the Life that is. The Flood
 of Years
 Rolls toward it near and nearer. It
 must pass
 That dismal barrier. What is there
 beyond?
 Hear what the wise and good have
 said. Beyond
 That belt of darkness, still the Years
 roll on
 More gently, but with not less mighty
 sweep.
 They gather up again and softly bear
 All the sweet lives that late were
 overwhelmed
 And lost to sight, all that in them
 was good,
 Noble, and truly great, and worthy
 of love—
 The lives of infants and ingenuous
 youths,
 Sages and saintly women who have
 made
 Their households happy; all are
 raised and borne
 By that great current in its onward
 sweep,

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Wandering and rippling with caressing waves	Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
Around green islands with the breath	That overpays them; wounded hearts
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass	that bled
From stage to stage along the shining course	Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.	Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
As its smooth eddies curl along their way	A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped	The heart, and never shall a tender tie
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms	Be broken; in whose reign the eternal Change
Again are folded round the child she loved	That waits on growth and action shall proceed
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,	With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

SLEEP, Motley! with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be;
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea;
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
Of time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
And should the day o'ertake us when, at last,
The silence that, ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
Hushed the primeval languages of men—
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then.





THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

PALE is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny
hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and
flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing
woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the
morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps
through space,
And rends the oak with sudden
force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones,
shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's
fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

FABLES.

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

“UPHOLD my feeble branches
 By thy strong arms, I pray.”
 Thus to the Elm her neighbor
 The Vine was heard to say.
 “Else, lying low and helpless,
 A wretched lot is mine,
 Crawled o’er by every reptile,
 And browsed by hungry kine.”
 The Elm was moved to pity.
 Then spoke the generous tree:
 “My hapless friend, come hither,
 And find support in me.”
 The kindly Elm, receiving
 The grateful Vine’s embrace,
 Became, with that adornment,
 The garden’s pride and grace;
 Became the chosen covert
 In which the wild-birds sing;
 Became the love of shepherds,
 And glory of the spring.

Oh, beautiful example
 For youthful minds to heed!
 The good we do to others
 Shall never miss its meed.
 The love of those whose sorrows
 We lighten shall be ours;
 And o’er the path we walk in
 That love shall scatter flowers.

THE DONKEY AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A MOCK-BIRD in a village
 Had somehow gained the skill
 To imitate the voices
 Of animals at will.

And, singing in his prison
 Once at the close of day,
 He gave with great precision
 The donkey’s heavy bray.

Well pleased, the mock-bird’s mas-
 ter
 Sent to the neighbors round,
 And bade them come together
 To hear that curious sound.

They came, and all were talking
 In praise of what they heard,
 And one delighted lady
 Would fain have bought the
 bird.

A donkey listened sadly,
 And said: “Confess I must,
 That these are stupid people,
 And terribly unjust.

“I’m bigger than the mock-bird,
 And better bray than he,
 Yet not a soul has uttered
 A word in praise of me.”

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(Selected.)

“GOOD-MORROW, friend.” So spoke,
 upon a day,
 A caterpillar to a butterfly.
 The winged creature looked another
 way,
 And made this proud reply:
 “No friend of worms am I.”

The insulted caterpillar heard,
And answered thus the taunting
word;

“And what wert thou, I pray,
Ere God bestowed on thee that brave
array?

Why treat the caterpillar tribe with
scorn?

Art thou, then, nobly born?
What art thou, madam, at the best?
A caterpillar elegantly dressed.”

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A DEXTROUS spider chose
The delicate blossom of a garden
rose

Whereon to plant and bind
The net he framed to take the insect
kind.

And when his task was done,
Proud of the cunning lines his art
had spun,

He said: “I take my stand
Close by my work, and watch what I
have planned.

And now, if Heaven should bless
My labors with but moderate success,
No fly shall pass this way,
Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy
prey.”

He spoke, when from the sky
A strong wind swooped, and whirl-
ing, hurried by,
And, far before the blast,
Rose, leaf, and web, and plans and
hopes were cast.

THE DIAL AND THE SUN.

A DIAL, looking from a stately
tower,

While from his cloudless path in
heaven the Sun

Shone on its disk, as hour succeeded
hour,
Faithfully marked their flight till
day was done.

Fair was that gilded disk, but when
at last

Night brought the shadowy hours
'twixt eve and prime,
No longer that fair disk, for those
who passed,

Measured and marked the silent
flight of time.

The human mind, on which no
hallowed light

Shines from the sphere beyond the
starry train,

Is like the Dial's gilded disk at
night,

Whose cunning tracery exists in
vain.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

A SERPENT watched an eagle gain,
On soaring wings, a mountain
height,

And envied him, and crawled with
pain

To where he saw the bird alight.
So fickle fortune oftentimes

Befriends the cunning and the
base,

And many a grovelling reptile climbs
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

THE WOODMAN AND SANDAL-TREE.

BESIDE a sandal-tree a woodman
stood

And swung the axe, and while
its blows were laid

Upon the fragrant trunk, the gener-
ous wood

With its own sweet perfumed the
cruel blade.

Go, then, and do the like. A soul
endued

With light from heaven, a nature
pure and great,

Will place its highest bliss in doing
good,

And good for evil give, and love
for hate.

THE HIDDEN RILL.

ACROSS a pleasant field a rill unseen

Glides from a fountain, nor does
aught betray

Its presence, save a tint of lovelier
green,

And flowers that scent the air
along its way.

Thus silently should charity attend

Those who in want's drear cham-
bers pine and grieve;

No token should reveal the aid we
lend,

Save the glad looks our welcome
visits leave.

THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

UPON the valley's lap

The liberal morning throws

A thousand drops of dew

To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course

Of life's few fleeting years,

A single pleasure costs

The soul a thousand tears.

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